



I'D BE A GIPSY.

I'd be a gipsy merry and free,
Roaming abroad like a bird or a bee,
Naught to control me, sportive and wild,
All through the summer days free as a chid. Repeat.
What are the bright halls of splendor and pleasure?
What are the saloons of the brilliant and gay?
These cannot render the life giving treasure,
That freedom and health to the rover convey.
Chorus.—I'd be a gipsy merry and free,
Roaming abroad like a bird or a bee,
Naught to control me, sportive and wild,
All through the summer days free as a child.

I'd be a gipsy neath the clear blue sky,
Tinged by the stars that shine brightly on high,
The turf for my pillow all the night long
And lulled to repose by the nightengale's song. Repeat.
Roaming all day where the merry band wanders,
Telling the tales of the brave and the fair,
Scorning the world and the wealth that it squanders,
With just coin enough to be free as the air.
Chorus.—I'd be a gipsy, &c

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